

Mr. BERGMAN. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. TIFFANY), my friend and border colleague.

Mr. TIFFANY. Madam Speaker, I thank so much Representative BERGMAN for yielding. It is a great pleasure to be a neighbor to the wonderful Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Veterans Day has been celebrated under different names since World War I, but the premise remains the same: We pause to honor the men and women who have selflessly served our Nation and have kept us free.

We honor their love of country, their patriotism, and their willingness to sacrifice for our greater good. Our country has faced many challenges in the last 100-plus years. From Belleau Woods to Normandy to the global war on terror, every time, our warriors have answered the Nation's calls.

This year, as we close the chapter on Afghanistan, we are again reminded of the sacrifices they have made, the kindness in their hearts, and their dedication to the mission.

This Veterans Day, reflect on the gift they have given us, respect their service, and thank them for their sacrifice. Because of them, we live in the greatest Nation on Earth.

On behalf of my constituents, thank you, and may God bless all of you.

Mr. BERGMAN. Madam Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. CLYDE), my friend and colleague and Navy veteran.

Mr. CLYDE. Madam Speaker, it was indeed the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in the year 1918. World War I, the war to end all wars, was finally over. It was called Armistice Day. Today, it is called Veterans Day, and it is the day we honor the service and sacrifice of all veterans, those living and those who have gone before us.

This coming Veterans Day is not about having another day off work. It is not about enjoying another Federal holiday where we have an opportunity to uncover the grill. It is about honoring those who have served our country and sacrificed so we can live in freedom in the greatest Nation on the Earth.

Madam Speaker, I grew up in Canada. My mom was Canadian and my father was a U.S. citizen and a U.S. Navy officer in the Korean war. In Canada, we didn't call November 11th Veterans Day; we called it Remembrance Day; and we always wore a red poppy to remind everyone of the sacrifices made for freedom.

This is a picture of one right here.

The poem "In Flanders Fields" from World War I talks about those poppies. As an elementary school student, I was required to memorize that poem. I think everyone should know that poem, because it is so powerful. The symbol of the poppy for remembrance, however, did not come from Canada. It came from my home State of Georgia, from a professor at the University of Georgia named Moina Michael.

In fact, the highway between Athens, Georgia, and Monroe, Georgia, is called the Moina Michael Highway to honor her efforts. In 1917, she took a leave of absence from the university to volunteer with the Young Women's Christian Association to assist overseas workers in the war effort.

In November of 1918, inspired by the poem "In Flanders Fields" by John McCrae, she vowed to always wear a poppy as a remembrance of those who sacrificed in the war.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

We are so blessed to live in a country where men and women willingly put their lives on the line for our liberty. We must not, we cannot break faith.

As we celebrate Veterans Day 2021, let's honor their service and remember their sacrifice by asking one simple question: How can we carry the burden for liberty?

May God bless America and may God bless our military.

Soli Deo gloria.

Mr. BERGMAN. Madam Speaker, in closing, during my 40 years in uniform, and now here in Congress, and also even before uniform, being raised in a family of World War II veterans, I feel as though because of my parents' guidance and example, I have dedicated my life to our military community, in one form or another.

Through all of that and all I have learned, there is one thing about Veterans Day that I really want to make sure that I talk about; all of you, talk to a veteran. Don't just say "Thank you for your service," but engage them, find out about their story.

Veterans, to you, share your stories, because we don't know how many more days that we might have to walk the face of the Earth. It is so important for us to share our stories as veterans with the next generations.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

We live in the greatest country in the world because men and women have sworn an oath to give their lives for our country. Never forget that. That is what makes us the United States of America.

May God continue to bless our troops, all of our veterans and their families.

Madam Speaker, I yield back the balance of my time.

HONORING THE LIFE OF JOHN H. JOHNSON

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of Jan-

uary 4, 2021, the Chair recognizes the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. DANNY K. DAVIS) for 30 minutes.

Mr. DANNY K. DAVIS of Illinois. Madam Speaker, I am delighted to come to the floor this evening for this Special Order, because I come to pay tribute to an iconic American, John H. Johnson, the founder of the Johnson Publishing Company, the founder of Ebony magazine, Jet magazine, Fashion Fair, three radio stations that he owned, a television station, and lots of other business interests and ventures.

Growing up in southeast Arkansas during the 1950s and coming into contact with a Jet magazine or an Ebony that one of the schoolteachers may have in his or her possession or one of the ministers may have brought to town from wherever they came or the hairdresser may have had one or two, that was an exciting thing for a young African-American boy in the rural South.

Little did I know that the man responsible for those products had grown up just a few miles away, or at least until he was in the ninth grade, John H. Johnson, Arkansas City, Arkansas. Close to McGehee; Dermott; Lake Village; Eudora; Greenville, Mississippi, all of those little towns.

Of course, John H. Johnson was fond of being a storyteller. He used to tell the story of how his mother had told him: Johnny, when you finish the eighth grade, we are going to move to Chicago so that you can go to high school.

Then when he finished the eighth grade, she told him: Johnny, I didn't save enough money for us to move, so you are going to have to go to the eighth grade again. And he told her: No, mom. That is all right. I will just go to work and help you save money. And she said: Nope, you are going to the eighth grade again.

□ 2015

And so as bright as he must have been and as bright as he was, he had to do the eighth grade twice. Of course, eventually they did move to Chicago. He did go to high school. As a matter of fact, he went to high school with Redd Foxx and with Nat King Cole, and Mr. Abernathy, who owned and built a taxi company. He even went to school with Professor Timuel Black, who just died a few weeks ago. Tim was 102. He released his last book 2 years ago when he was 100.

And so John H. Johnson did go to high school at Phillips and DuSable, became president of his class, of course editor of the yearbook, editor of the school newspaper, and he was then offered a scholarship to the University of Chicago.

Well, he wasn't sure that he could go because he wasn't sure that he would have enough money, even with the scholarship. But he made a speech at an Urban League dinner, and the fellow who owns Supreme Life Insurance liked it, and he hired him to come and

work for him. So he was then able to make use of his scholarship and go to school.

After working for Supreme for 2 years, he actually became the president's assistant because he was so industrious and so bright and all of everything that he was.

Then he decided he would go into business for himself, and so he managed to borrow \$500 or make use of \$500 that his mother let him have or use, and he started his publishing business, a little magazine. He developed it and got so good at it until he did another one.

He developed the Ebony magazine; he developed the Jet magazine; and at the height he had 2,300,000 subscribers. He was zipping and zooming.

Part of what propelled him was the fact that in 1955 when Emmett Till was mutilated, murdered, and killed, he published the gruesome photographs of Emmett Till, and many people proclaimed that that really jump-started in a serious way the modern day civil rights movement because as people saw the gruesomeness of the murder of Emmett Till, they became motivated, engaged, involved.

It was the era that produced Dr. Martin Luther King, John Lewis, civil rights icons.

But at the same time that Mr. Johnson was publishing his magazines, he was really projecting the positivity of African Americans, showing Blacks who were superstars, promoting the idea.

The fact that he had to come to Chicago to high school was not really anything unusual. Many towns in the rural South at that time did not have high schools for African Americans. As a matter of fact, many of them didn't have any schools at all. Julius Rosenwald and Booker Washington teamed up and got with people in communities, and they built 5,000 schools. They are called the Rosenwald schools. As a matter of fact, our iconic colleague John Lewis attended one of those. John went to a Rosenwald school.

But John Johnson continued to develop his business and became so good at it; and he was a great storyteller himself. He didn't work as a journalist. He worked as a businessman. But he had stories that he could tell.

I was so amazed to get to meet him and know him and live in the area where his cousin lived, who introduced me to him. I remember we were in a group, an organization, and somebody said we needed to raise \$500 for something, and somebody said, well, why don't we ask Johnny Johnson for it? And his cousin, Miss Willie Miles Burns, who was the head of the subscription department and worked for him, held up her hand, and she said, Johnny Johnson, who is that? The fellow said, Oh, you know, the guy down there at Ebony. And Miss Burns said, Oh, you mean Mr. John H. Johnson? He ain't no Johnny Johnson. He is Mr. John H. Johnson. She said, He is my

relative, and I call him mister every time I call his name.

Well, obviously Mr. John H. Johnson continued to develop his businesses and ended up on the Forbes 400 as one of the wealthiest 400 people in the United States of America. He received every accolade, every honor, every possibility of people acknowledging what he could do and what he had done.

He used to tell a story about building a building, owning a building on Michigan Avenue, and he couldn't purchase it because the people who owned it wouldn't sell it to him. So he got a friend of his to purchase it for him. Even to this day, the legend in Chicago is that he has the only building on Michigan Avenue that has a driveway where you can drive in off the street and go through the building.

Notwithstanding any and all of that, John H. Johnson was a very common man. You could walk up to him and talk with him. He went down every day and picked up his newspaper and had a conversation with the person who sold the newspaper.

Of course, he ended up with all kinds of honorary doctorates, degrees from Harvard University, the University of Arkansas.

I was thrilled and delighted to go down to Arkansas City with him when they decided to move the home that he had lived in from where it was located and moved it downtown to make a museum out of it. It was a two-room house, but it's called a shotgun house. Shotgun just meant you could open the front door and open the back door, and you could look all the way through, out into the back. Well, they moved the house from its location down to near the courthouse in Arkansas City, and that is where it currently is located.

Of course, Mr. JOHNSON was given the Medal of Freedom by President Clinton. He was Man of the Year from the national Chamber of Commerce, the Spingarn Medal from the NAACP, all of this but still being a regular kind of person.

Of course, the Congressional Black Caucus honored him. How could we not? He was obviously an icon who demonstrated that it really wasn't so much where you came from as much as it was where you were going. It didn't really matter what didn't exist. It was what you created. And he obviously was one of the most creative individuals. He had a book publishing company that Lerone Bennett wrote "Before the Mayflower" and published it.

After all was said and done, John H. Johnson was an unusual man, an outstanding man that the poet may have been thinking of when he suggested that:

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowances for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about . . . or being hated . . .

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same . . .

Well, John H. Johnson, a man who will always be a historic figure, who gave so much to America. Two years ago the Arkansas General Assembly decided to make November 1 a State holiday, honoring a native son, as November 1, 1945, was the date John H. Johnson launched Ebony and that's the ideal date to celebrate his legacy.

Madam Speaker, I thank Mr. JOHNSON for what he meant not just for Arkansas but what he meant for America.

Madam Speaker, I yield back the balance of my time.

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CURRENT STATE OF AFFAIRS WITH CHINA

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 4, 2021, the Chair recognizes the gentleman from Texas (Mr. ROY) for 30 minutes.

Mr. ROY. Madam Speaker, I rise today to speak a little bit about the current state of affairs with respect to our relationship with China and our Nation's response to it. I do so at a time when I am yet again sitting in an empty House Chamber, as I often am when I am speaking here because we don't really have debate here on the floor of the House, even when it is on important topics.

We had votes today, for example, on 12 of what we call suspension bills. Tomorrow, we are likely to have votes on another, I don't know, five or six suspension bills while we wait with bated breath as to whether or not our colleagues on the other side of the aisle will produce the ever-awaited-for legislation to further cripple our economy, spiral us into massive amounts of debt, raise inflation, pay people not to work, disrupt the supply chain. We are all waiting around while my colleagues on the other side of the aisle are literally fighting over which horrible bill they can unleash upon the American people.

It is really quite extraordinary if you think about it. The people's House, we are sitting here debating, oh, well, are we going to have a \$1½ trillion disastrous bill or a \$3 trillion disastrous bill? Are we going to play games and cut that \$3 trillion bill in half by cutting the time in half with the same disastrous policies? But that is precisely what my colleagues on the other side of the aisle are doing.

Meanwhile, China is preparing to kick our rear ends. We are all sitting here playing tiddlywinks, fumbling around, talking about climate change and diversity quotas and chief diversity officers, and China is actually preparing to kick our rear ends.